King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne,
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou hast it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.
King. Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say is it done,
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King Shall we heare from thee *Tirrel*, ere we sleep? *Exit Buc.*
Tir. Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
King. Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my lord.
King. *Stanley* he is your wiues sonnes. Wel looke to it.
Buc. My lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which your promised I should possesse.
King. *Stanley* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buc. What saies your highnesse to my iust demand?
King. As I remember, Henrie the sixt
Did prophecie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promise for the Earledome.
Kin. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland tolde me once
I should not liue long after I saw Richmond.
Buc. My lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promisd me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.
King. Well, let it strike.
Buc. Why let it strike?
King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepest the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then resolue me whether you will or no?
Ki. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vain. *Exit*
Buck. Is it euen so, rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and begone
To Brecnock while my fearefull head is on. *Exit*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch-act of pitteous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did subborne,
To do this ruthlesse peece of butcherie,
Although they were flesht villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tendernesse and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth Dighton lie those tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaster armes,
Their lips foure red Roses on a stalke,
Which in their summer beautie kist each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow lie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changd my minde,
But ô the diuel: there the villaine stopt,
Whilest Dighton thus told on we smothered